

The Quincy Union.

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W. W. KELLOGG.

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FOR
NEVADA TERRITORY.

OFFICE AT HIS STORE,
Taylorville, Indian Valley, Cal.

A. COLE,
CARPENTER AND JOINER,
(SHOP—Opposite the Court House.)
Quincy, Cal.

WORK done to order on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

ORIENTAL SALOON,
ROUND VALLEY,
PLUMAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

N. P. TRUCKS, Prop'r.

THE BEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS
and Cigars always on hand.

THOMAS HUGHES,
Dealer in all kinds of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

SODA BAR,

EAST BRANCH OF FEATHER RIVER.

THE HOTEL attached to the Store, will be kept open for the accommodation of the public.

H. C. BIDWELL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Provisions, Liquors, &c.,

GREENVILLE, PLUMAS CO., CAL.

McQUINN & COMPTON,

Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

ROUND VALLEY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.

CHECKS DRAWN ON MARYSVILLE.

Round Valley, May 11th, 1866.

Quincy Union.

"Independent in all Things—Neutral in Nothing."

VOL. 4. QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866. NO. 23.

Business Advertisements.

C. T. KAULBACK,

—Dealer in all kinds of—

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING, FANCY GOODS,

FURNISHING GOODS,

YANKEE NOTIONS, CARPETING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

Provisions, Groceries, Liquors,

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

HARDWARE, WOODEN WARE,

PAINTS, OILS, &c., &c.

QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Quincy and vicinity that he is now receiving a large stock of goods of all kinds which he offers for sale at the LOWEST PRICES for cash.

Parties who wish to purchase goods for cash, can buy their supplies of me CHEAPER than they can send to the lower county and get them.

Call and examine my stock of goods and the prices, and satisfy yourselves of the fact.

C. T. KAULBACK.

Quincy, June 15th, 1865.

W. M. H. MILLER.

W. BUNNELL.

MILLER & BUNNELL.

Butt Valley, Plumas Co, Cal.

GENERAL DEALERS

—in all kinds of—

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

LIQUORS,

SEGARS,

TOBACCO,

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Hats and Caps,

HARDWARE, YANKEE NOTIONS, &c., &c.

MEAT MARKET.

A good supply of Meat of all kinds can always be found at our Market near the Store.

CUNNINGHAM & HOLTHOUSE,

—DEALERS IN—

General Merchandise.

[Corner of Main and Nelson Streets.]

Taylorville, Plumas Co., Cal.

WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF FARM and Winter Goods, embracing the latest

Styles & Patterns,

to which we invite the attention of the Public in general.

CORSON & TRASK,

Horse, Sign & Carriage Painters,

Main Street,

Taylorville.

PLUMAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Orders Solicited.

QUINCY BREWERY.

Lager Beer

Of the best quality. For sale by the Keg or Bottle

NESENN & SCHLATTER.

Quincy, Feb. 21, 1866.

QUINCY

MEAT MARKET,

Main street, opposite the Court House.

A GOOD SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF MEATS, of the best quality, constantly on hand.

JAS. E. EDWARDS,

Quincy, Jan. 28, '66—proprietor.

The Quincy Union.

QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

TWO PAPERS A YEAR FOR FIVE DOLLARS!!

WE propose after this date, until further notice is given, to furnish each subscriber, who pays Five Dollars cash, in advance, for the QUINCY UNION, with a copy, for One Year, of THE AMERICAN STATESMAN AND HOME JOURNAL, a newspaper published in New York city. It is a Family Journal, National in Politics, Independent in Religion, and full of News, — Agriculture, Horticulture, Polite Literature, Poetry, Humor, Wit and General Intelligence. It is a first-rate Home paper, published weekly, and is now in its 13th volume.

Remember, every subscriber, who pays in advance for One Year's subscription to the UNION, will thereby receive, in addition, a copy of THE AMERICAN STATESMAN, for one year.

Quincy, March 3, 1866.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF A GREAT FUTURE.
—An exchange introduced the New Year to its readers in the following beautiful passage—
"doubtful but for the noble sentiments it expresses, and we trust and pray that the picture may not be despoiled by ruthless hands, nor the happy and promising dawn be turned to a dark and dismal day through the bitter animosities of partisan politicians:
"Four red pages in the Book of Time—four pages stained with blood and tears—have been turned in sad succession, and at last we have a pure white one, upon which Peace and Prosperity will write, we trust, their luminous record, to be continued, like a pleasant serial, from annual page to page, far into futurity.
"This year should indeed be a year of jubilee. Hands long raised in menace, recaptured in amity; hearts long estranged, again throbbing with fraternal feeling; States that broke bonds and renounced the fellowship of the free, again in the ranks and keeping step to the music of the Union—these are the glorious changes upon which the New Year dawns. In the South there is much suffering. But a people of elastic temperament, and full of energy, with a rich soil beneath their feet, will soon recover from their exhaustion. The next harvest will probably see the citizens of the Southern States, airily started on a new career of thrift, buoyant with hope and confident in their own mental and material resources. They have taken many backward steps, but a few vigorous strides in the right direction will bring them once more to their old status, and their future, if wisdom governs their councils, is assured. Of all the years the Republic has yet witnessed, this it appears to us, is the most auspicious. The only thorn in the side of American Liberty has been extracted. It has been torn out rudely. The effusion of blood has been terrible. But the wound is closing, and will soon be healed, never, let us hope, to re-open. In the meantime there is Peace, and in the full anticipation of a more perfect and stable union than the Nation has yet known, we may well call the present season the happiest of all the Happy New Years in the history of the Republic."

A DRUNKARD'S BRAIN.—Hytti, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish, in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted, from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft, pulpy substance, it then becomes comparatively hard. But the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death; begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul, while its delicate and gossamer tissues, still throbbing with the pulses of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, thus to debase the God-like. Terrible enchantment, that dries up all the fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only a brain of lead and a heart of stone.

JOSEPH CRELE, whose fame was advertised through the public press a year or more ago, died at the residence of his granddaughter, near Portage, Wis., on the 27th ult., aged one hundred and forty-one years. He was born where Detroit now stands, in 1725.

At a trial recently, a Cornish jury returned the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Robs the crimson life-blood fast,
And the dark, Plutonian shadows,
Gather on the evening blast:
Let thine arm, oh! Queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart's secret,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Rear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Sigh dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas his own hand that struck the blow;
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere my star fades quite away,
Hear how I drank with thy caresses,
Madly sang a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my time at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her, say the gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light my path to Stygian honors,
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Caesar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming—quick, my faithful!
Let me meet them ere I die!
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell,
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra! Rome!—farewell!

—[Win. H. Lytle.]

(For the Quincy Union.)

COUNT BUMMERDRUM.

BY EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER II.

Shops a few royal accomplishments—"Strat-

egy, my boy!"—The Count's great oration!

But really, now I think of it, these great men, whose mighty minds are lost in the higher walks of science, are often a careless, absent-minded set of gentlemen, and would you have believed it, our great Geologist actually came away from the Bay City and forgot to bring his purse. This little trifling circumstance annoyed him very much, but then, it was only a little temporary inconvenience, at most, for he could at any time draw a check on the rich uncle's (the Baron's) bank, and do it, too, so easy, that the mere absence of a little purse or pocket money were in reality a matter too trifling to speak of, and I am already very sorry that I mentioned it at all. The Count had not been six hours at the Flat before he had been introduced to all of the better class of people here, and while being escorted round, viewing the sights in the city of Sawpit, had been pointed out to the writer and all other second rates, and we had each been told with great solemnity fifty times, at least, "there goes Count Bummerdrum, the great Norwegian Geologist!"

Our geologists, in behaviour, was as bland and polite as the prince of French dancing masters; but not one would think, a great scholar in the English language—at least, the writer thinks not, being able to say, "How are you?"—"Good day, sir," and not a single word beside. Now and then, perhaps twice a day, the Count would visit our store to procure a bottle of his favorite beverage, or his best cognac—and, bless me! it would have done your soul good to see him drink when one of us would treat him. Good breeding will show itself, sir; it cannot be counterfeited. There was something indescribably aristocratic even in the manner the Count took hold of a bottle—there was pure royalty in his mode of taking up a glass—there were grace, ease, beauty, dignity, refinement and perfect grandeur—all combined—in the manner he drank. Oh, no! not only a nobleman of the first water could drink in a manner so perfectly sublime.

To "break the ice" and get upon the easy, comfortable terms just described, caused us no little uneasiness, I assure you, and was the result of as fine a little deep laid piece of strategy as the world ever saw. We held a secret convention, a kind of caucus, among ourselves, and it required a great deal of debate and consideration to determine whether it would not be a downright insult to one so high in the world, to ask him to drink with a common man. One of the boldest of our number volunteered to try the experiment, and for that purpose fortified and entrenched himself with an abundance of fire-proof liquid, applied internally, and then, bottle in hand, advanced to the charge. But—bless me—our caution was all totally uncalculated for. He received our delegate in the kindest possible manner, bowed and scraped his acknowledgments of the compliment bestowed, apostro-

phized the bottle and its contents, turned his eyes heavenward and appeared to call them all kinds of endearing names, then pressed the bottle lovingly to his bosom—just as you have, before now, seen handsome young ladies press to their bosoms little pet poodles,—and when he drank, set us all up for life, endeared himself and established the most fraternal relations between the Kingdom of Norway and the sovereign people of Sawpit.

There is one highly educated man at the Flat who, as he was heard to remark to the Geologist, has sometimes done a little surveying. These great men soon became the most intimate of dear friends. Now and then, when at the store, it would please the Surveyor to bring the great Geologist out a little, and it was pleasant to see the glow of triumph that would suffuse the Surveyor's face, as from time to time the orator would pause for him to translate to us the great words that had been spoken. It would have been a great pleasure to the noble uncle, I am sure, could he have seen us on those occasions, all gathered around his hopeful nephew, with mouths wide extended and eager to catch every syllable as it fell from his lips, though we actually knew as much of what he was saying as a kangaroo is supposed to know of the language of a monkey. We were all very enthusiastic on these occasions, and Dr. Goldsmith has, I think, drawn a very pretty little pen picture that would seem to apply to our hero, surrounded by his group of admirers:

"While words of learned length and thunder-
ing sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew."

I am very sorry that I cannot produce these speeches, clothed in all the pathos in which they were delivered by the great orator, for I really thought them at the time perfect gems of eloquence. I have since thought perhaps it might have been a mere fancy of mine, superinduced, in part, by a few generous bumpers I had previously taken from the social bottle. It struck me, however, at the time, that an interpreter tasked on to an enthusiastic speech, calculated to bring down the house, was, if anything, a little more superfluous than a fifth wheel to a stage-coach. I reported phonographically, every speech delivered by the Count before the sovereigns of Sawpit, just as they came from the lips of the interpreter, and I must confess I was never well satisfied with any of them on paper, and almost regretted ever having reported them. My duty as a faithful biographer demands that I should not withhold them from the great literary world, and I submit a literal copy of the first of these great productions.

Two boot boxes served as the orator's stand, on which the Count and Surveyor took places with becoming dignity. For the space of about a minute the Count gesticulated and jabbered very much like an irritated monkey, and then paused. The interpreter proceeded: "De Koont says we are all his friends—he thanks you. Don't laugh at me—please don't laugh at me, shentlemen." The last portion of the interpreter's remarks being made in a most pitiful, supplicating tone of voice. The Count then goes into another hysterical spasm, pauses, and the interpreter continues: "De Koont says we are all miners. You mines for de gold, he mines for de silbar and de cop-par, de—oh! I ish so hoppee!"—and bursting into song, sings (the tune reminding one of the melody known as the "Dying Cow"):

"De flowers d.t I saw in de wildwood,
Hab since dropt dere budeluf lebes."

Then coming back to prose again, he adds beseechingly, "now don't laugh at me."

The Count relapses into another spasm, and again the interpreter follows: "De Koont says Sawpit berry good; not much gold, plenty copper, plenty silbar, plenty sinner-bar—oh! I can't speak much English. Don't laugh at me shentlemen."

Again the Count suffers a relapse that throws all previous attacks in the shade, and the reporter laid down his pen, thinking that his next writing would be in giving the account of the Count's death; but the nobleman comes out of it, and the interpreter continues: "De Koont says Baron Scheedledio ish his—what ish dat you call him—hoonkle—yes, hoonkle. Baron Scheedledio ish de Koont's—what ish dat—oh, yes,—parker. De Koont hash five hundred thousand dollars. He will spend it all in de mines at Sawpit. Oh dear! I ish so hoppee!" and his great joy finds vent as he sings:

"But dere ish rest for de faint and de weary,
When friends meet wid lost ones above."

And falling into prose, he adds with much interest: "De Koont says, let's all take a drink"—and the bottle was then passed, and we all drank "long life and success to the royal scientific miner."

(To be continued.)

The Quincy Union.

—All Letters relating to the business affairs of the paper should be addressed to the Publisher.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

No paper will be forwarded from this office unless the subscription is paid in advance. All papers discontinued when the subscription expires. The rules will be strictly enforced.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our friends everywhere, who may at any time have knowledge of facts of local importance—accidents, accidents, mining news, doings of public meetings, improvements, curiosities, etc.—would confer a favor upon us and our readers generally by sending notice of the same to this office. Give us facts in any shape, and we will take care of them.

RATHER ROUGH HONEYMOON.—On last Friday morning, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, an athletic young farmer, in the town of Waynesburg, took a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes," and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line, to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl, a tall, gaunt, sharp-featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married, and returned to Wellsville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped, observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister-in-law, the tall female, ahead of him, into the corner of the parlor, and talk earnestly to her, gesticulating wildly all the time. Then the tall female would put her foot down and talk to him in an angry and exciting manner. Then the husband would take his fair, young bride into a corner; but he would no sooner commence talking to her than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join in the conversation. The people at the hotel ascertained what they meant about nine o'clock that evening. There was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly married couple. Female shrieks and masculine swears startled the people in the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing against the door of the room, and the newly married man, mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwart husband, in his gentleman Greek Slave's apparel.

It appeared that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same bed with the newly married pair; that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement; and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and now indignantly repudiated the contract.

"Won't you go away now, Susan!" said the newly married man, softening his voice.

"No," said she, "I won't—so there!"

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the married sister within the room.

"Now—now, Maria," said the young man to his wife, in piteous tone, "don't go to cuttin' up this way; now don't!"

"I'll cut up as much as I want!" she sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open and stalking among the crowd, "jest you two wimmen put on your duds and go right straight home and bring back the old man and woman, and your grandfather, who is high on to a hundred years; bring 'em all here and I'll marry the whole d—d caboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together!"

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room. Wellsville is enjoying itself over the sensation.

A CORRESPONDENT who formerly consulted the London Family Gazette about a young lady with a wooden leg, has recently brought the matter to a crisis by marrying her. After a month's experience, he says:

"I am happy to say a wooden leg is no bad bargain. I married Jessie a month ago. She refused to give up the wooden leg for a pork one, as she said she 'detested false appearances.' She is always at home, except when she goes out with myself; she never dirts with other men; she never dances at a party; she only requires one boot and one shoe; and these serve her for a long time, as she does not walk much, and yet she is not unpleasant to talk with. She differs very little from other women."

"The only expense of a wooden leg is the occasional breaking of a strap, which is easily repaired, and the supplying of a piece of gutta percha for the end of it, to prevent noise in walking. Balancing profit against loss, a lady with a wooden leg is rather profitable, not to speak of benefits I find in Jessie all that a husband could desire."

There, now, is a true philosopher; and he talks, moreover, like a man who is calculated to make Jessie a tender and non-exacting husband.

A LETTER from Saratoga describes the latest style of vehicle in vogue there as a broad-backed landau of green reps, with a willow framework. On a high seat behind sits a page in dark livery, with black hat and band. Negro boys being at a discount, the squaws have leased their male offspring for the season, and no equipage is considered the thing without a "little Indian boy," who bobs up and down in a style highly edifying to the spectator, but productive of torture which only an Indian in miniature could bear.

CONFESSION OF ERROR.—Be not ashamed to confess you have been in the wrong. It is but owing what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before you saw your error; more humility to acknowledge it, and more grace to correct it.

This largest crowd that ever assembled in Pittsburgh to witness any amusement, were gathered at the Central Skating Park, recently, to witness Miss Carrie W. Moore's (of Concord, Mass.) skating; it is estimated there were from 10,000 to 15,000 persons present, including many of the clergy.

The Quincy Union.

San Francisco Agency.
J. J. KNOWLTON & Co., L. P. FISHER, THOS. BOYCE, and WM. B. LAKE are the only authorized agents for the Union in San Francisco.

Sacramento Agency.
R. K. PHIPPS is our duly authorized agent Sacramento.

QUINCY, PULMAS CO., CAL.
SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

LA PORTE.—We have it from good authority that La Porte is now included within the limits of Plumas County. It may be a hoax, but we are of the opinion that the report is true.

HORRIBLE.—We have received and read the report of the Senate and House Committee to investigate the affairs of the Insane Asylum at Stockton. From it we gather facts too horrible for the public ear. Patients have been killed outright, and in one case a young mother was drowned. If such usage and discipline is needed in an asylum for the insane, it were more charitable to those who have been deprived of reason, to kill them at once and bury them "among their kindred," than to drag them to this public charity to be beaten, starved, and pounded to death by savage and brutal attendants. Language is too poor to express the feelings of horror and loathing created in our breast by the reading of this report. We trust the Committee is correct in hoping that under the administration of the present "resident physician," Dr. Shurtliff, many of the abuses, and all of the criminality, connected with that institution, are at an end. We shall refer to this matter again, and publish extracts from the report of the Committee.

THE REGISTRY LAW.—The Registry Law takes effect on the 15th of May, and no act of Assessors or County Clerks will be legal until after this date. The Union says: "With regard to the duty of Assessors to enroll and return the names of citizens, it should be borne in mind that every citizen may, if he pleases, apply directly to the County Clerk and get registered without the intervention of the Assessor, and all naturalized citizens must apply directly to the Clerk, the Assessor having no power to inspect or pass upon their papers or evidence of naturalization."

THE JOHNSONIAN ground swell is running heavy, but we will wear her storm.—[Appl.]

You may cut away the masts, clear the deck, throw the cargo overboard, and then, if you do succeed in surviving the storm and getting clear of the breakers, your rotten old craft won't be worth a Continental farthing. It will be declared un-re-worthly and no men of sound mind will ever take passage on such a boat, with such a crew. Your ship is water-logged, your captain has lost his reckoning, and your crew are all demoralized, or drunk.

PERFECTLY SAFE.—The vault of the Bank of France, which contains more treasure than any other single spot on the face of the globe, is accessible through an iron door, which has three keys, and these keys are kept by three leading officers. The iron staircase which leads to the vault, can be detached, and by a chemical apparatus, a supply of deadly gas can be made to permeate every part, destroying human life in a few seconds, while the whole vault can be submerged in ten minutes.

IN TROUBLE.—Mat. Lynch, formerly of the Plumas Standard, at present the publisher of the Mendocino Democrat, is having some trouble with the owners of the press, type, material &c. of the Democrat office. Lynch says the "clique" are trying to crush him and his paper, and the "clique" don't deny the charge. Lynch says:

We will hold the lash, and we intend to apply it unparingly to the shoulders of the miserable coalition arrayed against us.

We have had two vetoes recently, and the elements of confusion, instead of decreasing, are increasing. The course of President Johnson in the future will be regarded with extraordinary interest. Will he assume to himself dictatorial powers, or will he allow the voice of the country to be his guide?—[Sac. Bee.]

We reckon he will.

We hardly think that the President can say that he stands where he did in 1860.—[Appl.]

We hardly think the editor of the Appeal can say that he stands where he did in 1860.

No News.—The telegraph was not in working order on Tuesday and Wednesday last, and the lower country papers had received no report of the result of the election in Connecticut.

REFORM SCHOOL.—The State Reform School is to be removed from Marysville to San Francisco. The buildings at the former place, which belong to the State, are, therefore, valueless.

THE DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES, on the 1st of March, 1866, was \$1,185,428,980 50. This sum was officially reported by Secretary McCulloch.

OBITUARY.—The obituary notice given by the Sac. Union on the adjournment of the Legislature, was anything but complimentary to the members of that illustrious body.

HAD THE CIVIL RIGHTS bill become a law the Chinese of this State would have been placed on a par with the white citizens.

SENATOR.—The excitement in regard to the bold Finnigans in Canada, has subsided. The "Canucks" were terribly scared.

REPORTS, &c.—To Hon. J. D. Goodwin, and Hon. L. E. Pratt, we are indebted for Reports of Committees, Speeches, &c.

VETOED.—The Governor has vetoed the \$3,000,000 R. R. Appropriation Bill.

MEET THE ISSUES OF TO-DAY.

We have received a lengthy communication from a correspondent, signing himself "Greenville." We cannot find room in the columns of our paper for its insertion. If we had the space to devote to it, we would publish it for the mere purpose of commenting on the statements, arguments and conclusions contained in it, many of which we can by no means indorse.

In our opinion, Mr. "Greenville," your remarks and comments on the acts of former administrations are out of place, behind the times, obsolete. Those questions are now settled and definitely settled for all time to come. It is folly to think that the defunct corpus of the anti-war Democracy can ever more be resuscitated, and the sooner every Rip-Van-Winkle politician in the land who has been sleeping during the last five years learns this fact, the better it will be for the future stability and prosperity of our common country. Old issues have passed with the times and occasions which called them into existence. We are now required to meet, deliberate upon and decide present vital and important issues which are agitating the public mind; and upon the correct, or erroneous decision of these living issues, will, in a great measure, depend the future weal or woe of our Republic. We should therefore, in approaching them to pass upon them, free our minds from anger, hatred, petty revenge, or any of those passions or prejudices which cloud the intellect and warp the judgments of men.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, we admit that the officers of the Government during the existence of the great rebellion which is now so fortunately overthrown, used stringent measures and exercised powers, some of which are not in strict accordance with the Constitution of the United States or the precedents of their predecessors in times of peace; what does that argue? These questions are now a subject of history and are no longer before the people for their consideration; besides, the majority of the people has sustained the Government in the exercise of these acts, and, in our opinion, were right and justifiable in doing so. Extraordinary cases require extraordinary remedies. We were bound to whip the fight, save the nation, and restore the Union, and, in so doing, we had to rally around the officers of the Government and give aid and comfort to our soldiers who were fighting the battles of the nation.

The battles have been fought, the victories won, the rebellion crushed and the Union restored; and you, as well as the party to which you belong, must accept the result, throw aside your old prejudices and be prepared to meet the present issues which are before the country.

The old pro-slavery, ultra-State-rights principles of the old Democratic party are dead beyond the power of human redemption. Therefore, cease harping upon them and turn your attention to the living issues of the day; for, no matter what you, or any one else, thinks or have thought on past issues, each man must now take one of two sides; he must either range himself on the side of President Johnson and the whole Union, or take his stand with the Radicals in Congress in the ranks of disunion—there is no alternative.

If you are a true Union man, and not led away by prejudices or fanaticism, you will naturally gravitate to the party of which Andrew Johnson is the noble leader; for, as he remarked in his address to the Montana Delegation, on the 7th of Feb., last: "Those who understand and believe in those principles, no matter from what standpoint they look at them, will find themselves, involuntarily and imperceptibly, may be, but surely, coming together. In all great struggles that may take place in regard to them; while those who disclaim them, who are willing to repudiate them, and set them at naught, will be found disintegrating and traveling in a different direction, for this reason. There may be many now coming together without any previous concert or arrangement, but, imperceptibly, because they agree on these great principles. I think, gentlemen, there is no one who can mistake the great cardinal principles laid down in that Message."

"They comprehend and embrace the principles upon which the Government rests, and upon which, to be successful, it must be administered. I care not by what name the party administering the Government may be denominated—the Union party, the Republican party, the Democratic party, the American party, or what not—no party can administer the Government successfully unless it is administered upon the great principles laid down in that paper. You would meet with about the same success, in attempting to carry on the Government upon any other principles than these which are found in the Constitution, as you would if you should take hold of a piece of machinery that had been constructed and trained to run harmoniously in one direction, and attempt by reverse action to run it in an opposite direction."

If a rebellion was to be inaugurated tomorrow, no matter in what section of the Confederacy,—East, West, North, or South—mark our words, the people would again sustain the officers in all their efforts to crush it. And then, after it had been overthrown, and civil authority established, the people would do again what the great conservative masses are now seeking to accomplish—that is: *Re-establish friendly relations between the different States of the Union*, and require that all their officers shall adhere strictly to the Constitution.

We have endeavored, in this short article, to show that there are vital issues before the country upon which to take sides, without going out of the way to rake up by-gone issues, and stir up old animosities. Read again the extract we quote from the address he delivered to the Delegation from Montana Territory, and you will see he sets an example worthy of all imitation. His is not the language of a partisan, but is the language of a patriot. It is not the language of a sectional demagogue, but that of a wise and comprehensive statesman. How very different his views are from the narrow-minded, sectional views of the Radicals in Congress who are opposing his Union policy; and yet, with him and in support of his policy, or with the fanatical Radicals in support of their policy, you and every other man who takes part in the political affairs of this nation are bound to act.

LETTER FROM SACRAMENTO.

Sac. City, Apr. 2nd, '66.

DEAR UNION.—As I sit, this morning, and look over the assembled wisdom of the State, it strikes me that the phrase, wisdom, has been sadly misapplied. The brief honors of the Assembly are fading like a dream—not one man of mark in it; some little honesty, a heap of "gas," and no small amount of the ego sum. This is the last of legislation with a goodly number of them, for no matter how sharp they may pretend to be, when they sought to touch the pocket of their constituents, and take therefrom, for a period of 20 years, the shining percent, of ten cents on each \$100, to enrich a half dozen greedy franchisees, with no good to the State at large, they must hunt some excuse outside of the merits of the bill. It was outrageous, and has created an intense excitement all over the State. Even San Francisco finds that this is too big a steal for her conscience, and an immense petition is now in the hands of the Governor, asking him to veto the bill. They might have saved themselves all this, however, for the Executive understands the distinction between law and policy, and will veto it. I say he will veto it, for one who is, and has been, the amicus curiae of his Excellency, when I asked him about it, answered with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, "I hope he will, for his own, as well as the people's sake." The words said but little, but there was a depth of meaning in the eye of that little "Warwick" which I interpreted in this wise: "If Low vetoes this swindling bill, it will raise him friends all over the State, and force, even from his enemies, an acknowledgment that he is an honest public servant, and had better be promoted."

Politics is a strange game; as in chess a single pawn frequently occupies the key commanding the whole game, so I have seen, this Winter, suggestions made by doubling timidly from the mountains or the pawns—on the political chess-board, which have changed the results of two years of anxious planning; and who knows but that some friend of Gov. Low, knowing full well what a grand opportunity this would prove to create an enthusiasm in his favor, if he vetoed it, has quietly cooked the whole meal, and roped in some of the would-be "smarties" in this lower level, hoodwinked the Copperheads—who, of course, would bite like pickered at such a chance to increase taxation, so they could lay on the demerit Radicals in power—to say nothing of pulling the wool over the astute eye of the Sac. Union.

I say, I don't know that he will veto it, but if he don't, you will never get another letter from Double Bee, for I shall send you a box of "Colorado regalia," a la Colfax, branded, "From a victim of misplaced confidence."

Well, to-day winds up the bobbin with the Legislature, and it must afford infinite sorrow to a large number, to exclaim, in the language of Beecher, "We have toiled all the night and taken nothing." Some will return with only a loss of time, others will leave in debt, and all will feel that a Winter at Sacramento is wonderfully enervating on the morals.

Now, dear Union, commences the fruiting and blossoming of all this legislative watering. We shall have no small degree of affected bitterness between the friends of rival candidates next year. I see that faithful Joe Eastman has prophesied that Low is to be the next nominee of the Union party for Governor. Joe ain't so well posted on the inside as he used to be. Low is not the pivot man for the next beat for that position. It may be that another, and one no little thought of, will be trotted out, who will make as good and as honest an Executive as the present one.

The next Governor comes from the Third Congressional District, or perhaps from one of the northernmost counties of the Second, of which, more anon.

I have refrained from personalities in my notes from the Capitol this Winter, first, to give no member his abominable question of privilege; but now as the curtain is falling, and the inevitable green baize is about to leave us only the memories of what was, and as their action is now historical, I propose, in my Summer retirement, to picture the inside of many of the notable men and things of this Legislature, only saying, in closing, that its brains were in the Third House.

DOUBLE BEE.

OF INTEREST TO LADIES.—Every one regards the sewing-machine as a blessing to women. It has been the saving of much toil, misery, and, probably, of life itself. The "Song of the Shirt" is now obsolete; the more envying ballad, "The Song of the Sewing-Machine" has taken its place. We had heard, through our lady friends, of machines that would stitch, sew, hem, and of one that could make a perfect button-hole in a garment. We had supposed that perfection had almost been reached, knowing that these instruments performed all the necessities in sewing. But it seems they still had the "accomplishments" to learn. We are led to these remarks, having recently seen some ladies' cloaks elaborately embroidered with this sewing-machine. The work seemed to excel anything executed by hand labor. Beside being more rapidly and cheaply executed, the work has a more regular, and consequently a much more beautiful appearance. What is most remarkable about this novelty is that the machine which executes this wonderful workmanship is the most perfect in all other respects—the embroidering quality being only an addition to its many other abilities of stitching, hemming, &c. Those of our lady readers who wish to view the instrument, can do so by stopping into Messrs. Grover & Baker's establishment.—[New York Home Journal.]

A WAITER at a recent "grand party" in Washington, in carrying a tray through a crowd of guests, accidentally hit a lady a severe blow with it on the elbow. "The duke take the tray!" petulantly exclaimed the lady. "Madam," gravely said a Senator, noted for his whist playing, who was standing near, "Madden, the duke can't take the tray."

CORRESPONDENCE.

HUNGARIAN HILL, March 31, 1866.

EDITOR UNION.—Did you see the eclipse? If you didn't, I did; not only of the moon, but of the whole firmament. Gracious heavens! how dark it was!—dark as Erebus. Rain fell in miniature sluice-heads, eclipsing all the former rains of the season. Pity the poor devil who had nothing but the eclipsing element over his head—he needed a stiff toddy in the morning, and I hope he got it for observing the transit of *terra* across the moon's disk. Scientific observations are often made with a curious phlegm—thunder and lightning in a snow storm; but it appears to have been lost in the storm, for after a few spasmodic efforts, it ceased to make itself heard. Such bolts as "Rocky" tells about, would have scattered the trickily descending snow. The eye he saw, unroofed a house, barked all the logs of it, singed the dress (nothing else) of ten or fifteen ladies; after which unheeded of incendiaryism, it made its exit out of the back door, cleaning the barnyard of fowls, trash, and a few old stumps. But "strange things" will happen, as the above mad career of a thunderbolt shows. If equinoxes, eclipses and thunderstorms combined, could not upon the reservoirs of heaven, it is like to know what could. Hence, everything is afloat, or will be if the leak is not stopped.

Now, *mon ami*, I will tell you something about the mines of this section: They are yielding largely every Spring, or rather every good water season. But the quantity of dirt moved, in comparison with the gold obtained, is really enormous. The claims of Kelly & Co. are very rich, in fact, I know of no gravel diggings in the county that surpasses them. Capt. Hersey & Co. are moving a great deal of Uncle Sam's domain to a lesser altitude. It is most too cold on the Hill to raise any kind of crops, and the valley being nearer to market, they send their alluvium down to it. Whether they are going to get paid for their trouble remains to be seen, but prospects are good. Hartley & Nick are deriving a good income from State Creek. A number of other companies, with whom I am not acquainted, all around the hill, are said to be thriving in their financial affairs.

The weather and mines discuss'd, leaves me minus material; therefore,
No more from W.

ALL FOOLS' DAY Jokes.—As is usual, quite a number of practical jokes were played on some of our friends on Sunday last. Early in the morning, our merchants and saloon keepers were called upon to fill bottles with whisky. When they turned the faucet and let the liquor run into the bottle, it not only went in, but out again—the bottom was out. Cotton biscuit, &c., were served up on several tables for breakfast, &c., &c. At Taylorville, it seems that they played jokes on the unwary, one of which is related by a correspondent. We give the letter entire:

TAYLORVILLE, April 3, 1866.
MR. EDITOR.—I guess nobody was sold on the 1st of April, in Taylorville—I reckon not. Oh, no! it was James P. Beckworth—though, as it happened, James never occupied a side room in the parlor way, up stairs, one of our hotels, but it was an old friend of ours, who is great on jokes, and disseminates them with oratorical tape measurement, with great taste. But this joke didn't taste sweet, though he stood it like a martyr. Mother Rumor has it this way: This young man received a letter signed by a young lady, which runs as follows:

"Dear Sir—I am pleased to learn that you have lately made your advent into our town, and, as your great success gives you a national if not a world-wide reputation, I am sorry that I have not enjoyed the opportunity of an acquaintance sooner, and in a more formal manner. But as celebrated people have long since discarded the exploded theories of formal introductions, I trust that no apology, on my part, will be necessary. I have no breach of etiquette perpetrated, by inviting you to dine with us on the 1st of April, 1866."

"Permit me, most distinguished sir, to remain yours, &c.,"

Most Respectfully,
S.

Wardrobes of friends were ransacked, for miles around, for a fit-out for this happy but deluded wretch. A pair of boots here, a gold ring there, a vest from this friend, a neck-tie from that, and—somebody was sold cheap, "you bet."

You close rather abruptly, but our readers can guess the balance.

PARTIES.—The two platforms are clearly defined—one the National Union Party, the other the Radical Party. The Sumnerites endeavor to make a strong point against the President because his policy is really indorsed by the copperheads. A man once stepped upon another's foot, which was of immense size, and, by way of apology, simply remarked: "Well, I had to tread somewhere!" So with the copperheads, they had to tread somewhere—their political opinions denied them the honored privilege of having to Congress, so they reluctantly sided with Andrew Johnson, though not fully indorsing his views. But they were obliged to tread somewhere, and they add strength to Johnson's position. The grounds for party re-organization are purely legitimate—difference of sentiment among the people upon important national questions, shows political parties. It is the duty of every Union man to mark well the conduct of Congress and the President, and sustain the right.—[Pajaro Times.]

A GREENHORN, standing by a sewing-machine at which a young lady was at work looking at the machine and its fair operator, gave vent at length, to his admiration with: "By golly! its purty, especially the part covered with caliker."

THE Folsom Telegraph says that Wm. Holden, of Mendocino, is to be the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1867.

SOLOMON FOOT of Vermont, Senator since 1851, died at Washington, on the morning of the 28th.

W. WILBURN was hanged by a mob last week near Visalia, Tulare county, for stealing cattle.

NEW PAPER.—A Daily and Weekly Democratic paper will shortly be started in Sacramento city.

Tax Controller reports the expenses of the session at \$299,773 75.

Tax President has vetoed the Civil Rights bill.

ADJOURNED.—The Legislature adjourned sine die on Monday, the 2nd inst.

THE WAY TO GET RID OF THE RHEUMATISM IS TO USE WATTS' NERVOUS ANTI-DOSE.

SEVERE BUT JUST.—The Santa Cruz Sentinel after copying an article from the Appeal, says:

"We copy the above morsel from that pretending Union organ, the Marysville Appeal, a paper that has done more to injure the Union party and Union sentiment in California than any other sectional journal in the State. The extract, quoted, plainly indicates that the Appeal editor is the 'chattel' or 'peon' of some pot house politician who holds a local supremacy over the editorial columns. (Wonder if the editor of the Sentinel intended any reference to Hon. Bill Parks! If he did not, the coat fits pretty well.—Ed.) consequently his readiness to accuse others as being 'organs' of this or that man, who may be chosen from among the people, to be a leader. We support the Hon. Cornelius Cole, during the senatorial contest, without fear or favor, honestly believing him the best man for the position of Senator, offered at that time, among the aspirants for the place. We were not his 'organ' nor his instrument, nor his vassal, and now while he holds the highest position that mortal man could aspire to, from his adopted State, we would not be understood as 'Senator Cole's organ' for all the honors, powers and patronage he possesses. The humiliating position of 'organ' may do well enough for such truckling, time serving didapper as the Marysville Appeal, but it does not suit an independent, upright journal—one that will go for the right, regardless of the President or Congress, when justice and duty direct them so to do."

It is a distinguishing trait of small minds or smaller politicians (and Marysville and vicinity is not an exception to the rule) to be always endeavoring to 'own' some body or 'control' the local press; and when failing in this they turn round and denounce the people and press, which honestly credit for any good qualities. Of such stuff is the Marysville Appeal editor made. We most emphatically deny the allusion, that we are the 'organ,' the aider or abettor of any man or party, only so far as we believe such men or parties are right and honestly deserving support. This charge of being 'owned' by some one is often fully made in California, through the press, and by individuals and in nine cases out of ten it originates in the idea that 'like begets like'—I am Don Sanchez's dog—whose dog are you? I am owned and controlled (politically) by the Mandarins or Emperor Norton, consequently you are owned by Tycoon, Emperor of all the Moguls or some other no able. We are paid to write this, but feel it our duty to do so, and contradict foul aspersions, blindly made and falsely predicted."

WATTS' NERVOUS ANTI-DOSE IS A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR ALL NERVOUS DISORDERS.

New Advertisement
Special Notice.

THE GREAT BLOOD MEDICINE.—Let every man, woman and child in our country learn, that Le-Doyen's Family Medicine is the best in use. See advertisement on fourth page. 17-ly.

Notice of Dissolution.
THE FIRM OF MYERS & RITCHIE is this day dissolved by mutual consent,—either of the parties being authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm. S. MYERS, D. RITCHIE.

THE business will be carried on at the old Stand by S. Myers, after this date. S. MYERS, 49 if.

Notice.
THERE WILL BE A SPECIAL MEETING OF the Stockholders of the Eureka Mining Company held at the Eureka Mills, Plumas County, on the 1st day of May next. Every stockholder is urged to be present, as business of importance will be transacted.

G. A. REYNOLDS, Treas'r, T. E. FARISH, Secretary.

Eureka Mills, March 27th, 1866. 23-td.

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Quincy, Jan. 28, '63.—n15-1f

Mining Notices.

Monitor Gold Mining Company—Union Flat, Plumas County, California.

NOTICE.—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment levied on the 19th day of February, 1866, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. shs.	Am't.
S. Howell.....	31	25	\$125 00
O. Zetterholm.....	18	5	25 00
same.....	31	50	250 00
same.....	71	50	250 00
John Rudz.....	47	50	250 00
J. H. Thomas.....	75	50	250 00

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Trustees, made on the 19th day of February, 1866, so many shares of each parcel of said stock as may be necessary, will be sold on the claims of said Company, at Union Flat, Plumas county, on Monday, the 9th day of April, 1866, at 8 o'clock, P. M., of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. M. GILBERT, Sec'y.

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The Flag is to be trusted as a true Union paper without deceit, which no motive of interest can turn from its course; and which cannot be swayed by favor or intimidated by threat. It is a first-class newspaper, and ought to receive the best support of the true Union men of San Francisco and the interior.—[Stockton Independent.]

We have received the American Flag in the most perfect condition. It is printed on a double sheet, and will serve as a banner for the Union cause in California, and is by far the most complete and reliable newspaper in the Golden State. It is independent of state—[Unlimited (Ct.) in—diverse and not fiction, quiter.—[Nevada Gazette.]

The American Flag circulates in variety and interest of its contents any paper west of the Rocky Mountains. It is justly entitled to the hearty friendship of all Union men. The Press generally have accorded it the honor due to their great contemporary.—[Esmeralda Union.]

RESOLUTIONS OF UNION CONVENTIONS, RESOLUTIONS OF UNION CONVENTIONS, RESOLUTIONS OF UNION CONVENTIONS,

Resolved, That this Convention does most heartily indorse the American Flag, published at San Francisco, California, as the most complete, reliable and useful of the great measures and principles of the Union cause in California in this State, and that we do hereby commend it to the confidence and support of all Union men.—[Resolutions of Union State Convention, (Res. Cts. F. Union Club.)]

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